

Oh give me love, I pray of you,
 Thy heart is hard & cold,
 And show me how the skin on blue
 And how I can not old!

Her heart is Affairs.

She has made her choice
 Though she does not say it
 Her heart is aflame
 Yet her lips are made
 She hides her impatience
 But her eyes betray it
 Her heart is aflame
 Yet her lips are made.

The Effects of Love.

With Tempests in and Tempests out
 And Trouble all about
 And fury in the wind,
 I feel that I have sinned,
 That somehow love is not quite right
 And love is not too smooth
 That even the sun is a bit too bright
 For I hurt'st your eyes
 With the dazzling sight